

The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with a marbled paper pattern. The pattern consists of large, irregular, dark green and blue patches separated by thin, winding lines of yellow and brown. The overall effect is a complex, organic, and somewhat abstract design. In the lower-left corner, there is a small, white, rectangular label with rounded corners. On this label, the letters "JH2" are printed in a bold, black, serif font. The label is slightly offset from the bottom and left edges of the cover.

JH2

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J E S U S,

THE CHILD'S EXAMPLE.

IN EASY VERSE.

BY MISS M. B. TUCKEY,

OF DUBLIN.

· This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.¹⁰
Song of Sol v. 4

PHILADELPHIA:
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
1122 CHESTNUT ST.

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PREFACE

THE beautiful little poem which you have in your hand came from Ireland. The lady who wrote it knows very well how to please children; and in these verses she has given us a very interesting history of the life of JESUS CHRIST, while he was in this world.

Some of the verses which we find in children's books are very low and vulgar, and not worth the time it takes to read them; but this poem may be read with pleasure and profit even by the oldest and wisest, as well as by the young and ignorant.

The reader will remember that the kind

author places JESUS before us as our example, or pattern. We should inquire, therefore, as we read one page after another, whether our conduct and conversation are like his.

"Ye are my friends," he once said,
'if ye do whatsoever I command you.'

John xv. 14.

His very foes were forced to tell,
That no man ever spoke so well ;
And wondering crowds with gladness hung
On the sweet accents of his tongue.

From every thing he heard or saw
Lessons of wisdom he would draw ;
The clouds ; the colours in the sky ;
The gentle breeze that whispers by ;
The fields, all white with waving corn ;
The lilies that the vale adorn ;
The reed that trembles in the wind :
The tree where none its fruit can find ;
The sliding sand ; the flinty rock,
That bears unmoved the tempest's shock.
The thorns that on the earth abound ;
The tender grass that clothes the ground ;
The little birds that fly in air ;
The sheep that need the shepherd's care,

The pearls that deep in ocean lie ;
The gold that charms the miser's eye—
All from his lips some truth proclaim,
Or learn to tell their Maker's name.

Through life his daily work he found
In doing good to all around :
He filled the hungry poor with bread,
But cared not how himself was fed :
The meat and drink he ever loved
Was doing that which God approved.
Such mighty power was in his hand,
All nature bowed at his command ;
The stormy winds his will obeyed ;
The raging waves by him were stayed ;
The dead arose to bless his name ;
The dumb went forth to tell his fame ;
He bade the lame to walk—the ear,
That long was closed, his voice to hear ;

His word gave eye-sight to the blind ;
And healed the poor, bewildered mind.
The sick were brought from every place
To share the wonders of his grace ;
And as he did their health restore,
He bade them “ go and sin no more.”
Children within his arms he pressed,
And laid his hands on them—and blessed.
So tender and so kind was he,
He wept another's grief to see.
Sinners like wandering sheep he sought,
And to the fold in safety brought :
And holy sorrow filled his eye,
That any in their sins should die.

Those were the sweetest hours he knew,
When near to heaven in prayer he drew ;
And when with ceaseless toil opprest,
He sought some desert mountain's breast,

(But not alone—for God was there,)
To pour the voice of sacred prayer,
And often, long before 'twas day,
Leaving his rest, he went to pray ;
And sometimes 'twas his great delight,
In prayer to speak with God all night.

But, ANNA, time and words would fail
His constant goodness to detail ;
'Twas like an ever-flowing stream
A blessing wheresoe'er it came ;
Yet men were found with hearts so hard,
They gave his kindness no regard ;
And when he did their sins remove,
They paid him hatred for his love ;
With craft and rage, from day to day
They sought to take his life away ;
Sometimes with friendly words they came,
Sometimes with slanders on his name ;

They said his gracious works were done
By Satan's power and not his own :
They watched him in his daily walk,
And tried to catch him in his talk ;
But all his words were found so good,
That silent and ashamed they stood.

The great deceiver of mankind
In him no evil thing could find ;
Thought, word and deed, alike, were free
From folly and iniquity :
(By sore temptations pained and tried,)
The world and Satan he defied.
The thrones of earth to men seem fair,
But he could see no glory there ;
He owned a kingdom far above,
A kingdom time shall never move :
God's word his sword and sure defence,
He said to Satan, " Get thee hence ;"

And in his lone and fainting hour
He triumphed o'er the tempter's power.

Sorrow and suffering well he knew ;
But holy patience marked him too :
Scoffed, hated, and reviled by men,
His tongue reviled not again.

And when it came—that fearful hour '
That gave him to the sinner's power ;
And when it came—that fearful time !
That filled a nation's cup of crime ;
When one who ate his bread, betray'd,
And wicked hands on him were laid ,
Just like a lamb to slaughter led,
He went to let his blood be shed ;
Nor opened he his mouth to call
For lightning on his foes to fall,
Even at the moment when he heard
A murderer to himself preferred.

They led him to a death of shame ;
They called him by a traitor's name ;
Those, whom his hand had healed and
fed,
Shouted for vengeance on his head :
His flesh with nails was rudely torn,
His head was crowned with piercing
thorn ;
His foes his sufferings did deride,
His dearest friends forsook his side :
One, who had vowed with him to die,
His very name did now deny.
Deep sorrows compassed him about,
Hope for a time seemed quite shut out,
When e'en his heavenly Father's face
Withdrew its wonted smile of grace.
The darkened sun refused to see
That hour of sharpest agony ;

“My God! my God!” he cried, “O why
Hast thou forsaken me?”—the cry
Told all the grief his spirit bore;
And men reviled and mocked the more.
Yet in that dreadful hour he felt
His heart with love and pity melt;
He marked his mother’s look of wo,
Her tears of bitter anguish flow,
And gave her to the tender care
Of one who watched in friendship there.
He listened to the humble cry
Of a repentant sinner nigh,
And spake sweet promises to cheer
His fainting soul, and calm his fear;
The cruel men, that wrought his death,
He prayed for with his parting breath;
Asked that their sin might be forgiven,
And blotted from the book of heaven.

Then, as he bowed his dying head,
He raised his voice aloud and said,

“’Tis finished.”

His pangs were o’er—his soul of love
Passed to the Paradise above :

Creation trembled as he went :

The earth did quake—the rocks were rent ;

And through the crowd the murmur ran,

“ Truly this was a righteous man.”

Many who saw his sufferings mourned.

And smote their breasts as home they
turned ;

Some, who had stood far off from fear,

Again took courage and drew near,

The tear of deepest grief to shed

O’er the loved Friend, who now was dead

Close to the spot there was a cave,

But newly fashioned for a grave ;

They laid him there, as one asleep,
And turned away to pray and weep.

Now tell me, ANNA, if you can,
Who was this child, and who this man?
I think I hear you say, "I know;
'Twas Christ, the Lord, who came to show
How little children, such as I,
May rise to glory when they die;
I know 'twas Christ, because *his* heart
Alone was pure in every part:
He was the SON OF GOD, and he
From every spot of sin was free

PART II.

COME, ANNA, let us go to-day,
And see the place where Jesus lay ;
A stone has kept the grave secure ;
The stone is sealed to make it sure ;
A guard of soldiers watching stand ;
They came at Pilate's own command :
In vain they watch—the mighty stone
Is rolled away : the Lord is gone !
He came to die, but death is o'er ;
He lives ! He reigns for evermore !

ANNA, we cannot lift our eyes
To God's bright throne above the skies ;
Even angels veil their faces there,
While they his holiness declare.

By searching we can never find
How great the wisdom of his mind
He lives, he works in every place,
But man has never seen his face :
No mortal eye could bear to see
The brightness of His majesty ;
Yet from that brightness Jesus came,
To bear the world's contempt and shame
Eternity beheld him stand,
God's Fellow, high at his right hand,
And with the Equal Spirit share
Infinite power and glory there.
'Twas He the earth's foundations laid,
'Twas He, sun, moon and stars that made
No robber of his Father's throne,
He claimed its honours as his own :
While holy angels him confessed,
God over all, and ever blessed !

Why did he leave that world of bliss,
To take a servant's form in this?
Why did he leave his Father's side,
To be despised and crucified?
Why, ANNA, can you tell me why
The King of kings came down to die?
You think a while, and then you say,
"I know that too—for every day
I read the Bible, where 'tis said,
That 'twas for sinners Jesus bled."
Yes, ANNA! when Jehovah saw
Ungrateful man forsake his law,
His justice gave the stern command—
"Destroy"—but mercy stayed his hand.
God loved the guilty world, and gave
His only Son our souls to save;
His only Son with joy agreed
To suffer in the rebels' stead,

Prophets foretold his coming day ;
A messenger prepared his way ;
And sent the joyful shout abroad—
“ Zion ! Behold your King and God ! ”
He took our feeble flesh to be
The partner of his Deity :
Yet not in pride and pomp arrayed,
To rule the world his hands had made :
A stable was his place of birth,
Though he was Lord of heaven and earth
Rich in eternal glory, He
Chose nothing here but poverty :
The birds have shelter and are fed ;
He had not where to lay his head.
The law man broke he did fulfil
He came to do his Father's will,
And in his perfect righteousness
Men's lost, polluted souls to dress.

On Calvary's cross the Saviour died,
That sinners might be justified,
And, washed in his atoning blood,
Might stand before a holy God :
Pardon to guilty man is given
As freely as the light of heaven ;
No price from him does God demand,
He asks no labour from his hand ;
Rebels condemned can nothing give—
This is the word, " Believe and live."
For Christ's sake all their sins shall be
Cast to the bottom of the sea ;
Their souls exalted to his throne,
And counted holy like his own.

So, ANNA, did the Saviour prove
The strength of his Almighty love ;
So did the Father's pardoning grace
Shine in the great Redeemer's face.

Behold him as he walks the earth,
A holy being from his birth .
Behold him, as he bleeds and dies,
The sinner's spotless sacrifice !
'Behold God's well-beloved Son
Bearing the sins that man had done '
Behold him, as on earth again
He shows himself alive to men !
Behold him, as his friends draw near,
Their Master's latest charge to hear ;
Till, rising to the heaven of light,
A cloud receives him from their sight !
Behold him now at God's right hand ,
The world is given to his command :
And daily blessings still record
The love of our ascended Lord !
For rebels still he intercedes,
For them his sacrifice he pleads.

Still in his word we hear him say,
“I am the Life, the Truth, the Way.”
Why, sinners ! will you close the ear,
When Christ himself invites to hear ?
For you he came to earth and died ;
For you was pierced his bleeding side :
The heart, that bore your sorrows then,
Still feels for all the woes of men.
Come, weary with your sins, and rest
On Jesus' sympathizing breast !

ANNA ! are *you* a sinner ? Why
Does ANNA turn away her eye ?
That downcast look, it answers—“ Yes.”
Young as you are, you must confess
How many an evil thought can find
A hiding-place within your mind ;
What foolish things you often say ;
How idly you can spend your day.

How pride and passion often throw,
Upon your cheek, a crimson glow ;
What floods of tears will often fall,
For things you do not want at all :
Whene'er you take a walk abroad,
How little do you think of God ;
To please yourself, how much inclined ,
To others, thankless and unkind ;
How careful of your dress and food ;
How often careless to be good :
How oft, when kind mamma says, " Pray,
ANNA, do this"—ANNA says, " Nay ;"
And does her selfish will prefer
To dear papa's, who cares for her.

Now, ANNA, other children, too,
Are thoughtless sinners, just like you ;
There's not a child in all the earth,
But is a sinner from his birth.

His heart, his thoughts, his hands, his
tongue,

Are not like Christ's, when he was young;

And as he grows from child to man,

He will go on as he began;

Increase in folly every day,

And love each evil work and way;

Till God his Spirit shall impart,

Create anew the stony heart,

Melt it like wax, before the flame,

And stamp it with the Saviour's name.

But, ANNA! 'twill not shelter you,

That all besides are sinful too,

When Christ to judgment shall come
down

And look on sinners with a frown.

Once on this guilty earth he trod,

The patient, suffering Lamb of God;

And once again in clouds of light,
While sinners tremble at the sight,
As Sovereign Judge, shall Jesus come,
And speak their everlasting doom.
Then, on that great and solemn day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
All who within the graves have lain
Shall rise from dust, and live again,
With those who, long forgotten, sleep
In the dark caverns of the deep.
Behold ! the great white throne is set ;
All nations round that throne are met :
Safe gathered, at their Lord's right hand
His dear redeemed people stand ;
But who are these, of hope bereft,
Weeping and wailing on the left ?
These are the unbelieving race,
Whose stubborn hearts despised his grace

Too late their folly they deplore—
The voice of mercy speaks no more ;
Driv'n from the face of God, they go
To darkness and eternal wo.

I want to teach my ANNA this,
GOD WITH THE WICKED ANGRY IS :
Their sins he never will forgive,
Until in Jesus they believe ;
Until their sinfulness they own ;
And hope for heaven through him alone
Then will they walk as Jesus walked,
And talk as their loved Master talked ;
And think of God in all their ways,
And speak to him in prayer and praise
And see him in his works of love,
And see him on his throne above ;
No more to please themselves inclined,
Like Jesus, merciful and kind,

Their hearts, by daily grace renewed
Shall find delight in doing good ;
And men shall bless them when they see
Their works of faith and charity ;
God shall look down with smiling face,
And lead them to his dwelling-place.

The years of man, dear ANNA, pass
Just like the blade of tender grass ;
To-day, all green and fresh 'tis found—
To-morrow, withered on the ground :
The child is full of life to-day—
To-morrow, sleeping in the clay.

And where shall sinful children fly,
To hide from God's all-searching eye,
When he shall bid the trumpet sound,
And raise their bodies from the ground ?
On rocks and mountains they may call,
Upon their trembling flesh to fall ;

But they shall find no hiding-place
From an offended Saviour's face.
He loved them once—his tender heart
In all their sorrows bore a part ;
With gentlest words he spoke to win
Their footsteps from the ways of sin ;
But sin was to their hearts so dear
The Saviour's voice they would not hear.

Dear ANNA, since the Lord, from heaven,
Died, that your sins might be forgiven,
Since to the shameful cross he went,
And bore the sinner's punishment ;
Since in the grave his body lay,
Until his own appointed day ;
Since he ascended to the sky,
To send down blessings from on high ;
Since He, in heaven's bright courts alone
Sits on the Mediator's throne,

Sharing with none that glorious name
He won through agony and shame ;
Since saints and angels join to raise
To him adoring songs of praise,
And own him worthy to receive
The noblest honours they can give ;
Since from his high, exalted seat,
He welcomes sinners to his feet,
Invites the weary to his breast,
And promises to give them rest ;
Come, listen to his voice to-day,
Nor for another hour delay.
If you believe the boundless love
That brought him from his throne above ;
And cry to think your heart should hide
The sins, for which he groaned and died ;
And long to walk from day to day,
Like him, in wisdom's pleasant way,

Like him to love the Father's will,
And your appointed work fulfil;
Like him, on heaven to fix your mind,
And cast this fading world behind;
Mild, tender, meek to all around,
Like him, at all times to be found;
Like him, with pitying eye to see
Men's want, and guilt, and misery,
And with constraining love to win
Their souls from Satan and from sin;
Like him, to feel for others' grief,
And give the sufferer kind relief;
Like him, to spend your earthly days
In showing forth your Maker's praise;
To mark each step the Saviour trod,
And walk, like Enoch, with your God;
Until in heaven's eternal bliss
Your eyes shall see him as he is;

Behold ' he ready stands to bless
Your soul with peace and holiness,
To bid the love of sin depart.

And write his word upon your heart.

Then shall that word, like steady light,

Direct your youthful footsteps right ;

'Twill be as honey to your taste,

And cheering like a plenteous feast ;

More precious than the golden ore,

Or rubies from the merchant's store :

Then God will listen when you pray,

And stoop to hear his ANNA say,

“ O Lord ! I am a sinful child,

So proud, so selfish, and so wild ;

I heed not what my parents say,

So much I love my foolish way ;

I have a wicked heart within,

And all I do is full of sin ;

But Jesus shed his precious blood,
To save my soul and make me good :
I come to him, because I know
That blood can make me white as
snow :

He was a child, and so am I,
And he can feel when children cry :
For his dear sake my sins forgive,
And make me like him while I live ;
And lead me to that happy place,
Where holy children see his face."

O ! seek Him now with all your mind,
For those who early seek, shall find ;
He watches o'er his flock for good,
And feeds his lambs with heavenly food ;
Within his arms he gently bears,
And soothes their sorrows and their
cares ;

36 JESUS, THE CHILD'S EXAMPLE.

He will not turn from you his ear,
For children's prayers to him are dear,
But look with love and kindness down,
And cleanse your spirit with his own.

THE END.





JOHN MAURICE IN PRISON.

JOHN MAURICE;

OR,

THE EFFECTS OF A PASSIONATE TEMPER

WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND
REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

Philadelphia:
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
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District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

JOHN MAURICE.

“WILL you go with me this morning to the prison, to see poor Maurice?” said a friend to me one day.

“Certainly I will,” I replied; and we immediately were on our way, and in a few moments the walls of the dismal prison were in sight. When we arrived at the prison gate, we found a sentinel walking in front. The walls were

of dark stone and very high, so as to prevent any escape of the prisoners, and the lock of the door or gate very large and strong. We heard the heavy bar slide, and the key turn in the lock, and were admitted inside the walls of the prison, where those persons are confined, who, by their crimes, have made themselves unfit to live among their fellow men.

“Mr. D—— and myself have called to see Maurice this morning,” said my friend to one of the keepers.

“Walk this way, gentlemen,” he replied ; and we followed him through a passage-way, on both sides of which were cells, and in

each of them was closely locked some wicked person, who was suffering the punishment due to his crimes. After we had passed many of these cells, the keeper stopped at one, and unlocking it invited us to enter.

A shudder passed over me as I took a seat on the bench in the same cell with one who had stained his hands with the blood of his fellow man. Poor fellow! he looked wretched enough, and when my friend shook hands with him and said with much feeling, "Oh, John Maurice, has it come to this? who would have thought it that knew you when you were a boy?"

"Anybody might have thought

it who had known of my ungoverned temper," replied the prisoner harshly.

I strove to enter into conversation with the guilty man, but he seemed very restless, and replied to what I said with some impatience.

Of course, I tried to lead him to see his guilt in the sight of God—I spoke of the displeasure of God against all sin; but I could see no signs of penitence, and he only replied that he had heard all that before!

Now, I will tell you what kind of a child John Maurice was. He was as lovely a babe as ever smiled in a mother's arms. He

was dearly beloved by his parents, for he was their only son. His father was a respectable merchant, and his family lived, not only in comfort, but in elegance.

This only son was always dressed with neatness, his health was carefully attended to, and every thing provided for him that could give him pleasure, so that, as far as possible, every wish was gratified.

While he was but a babe, he began to show signs of a violent temper. When his wishes were not gratified, he used to scream and strike with his little hands, and was often seen to pout and scowl before he could speak.

Before he was two years old, his

father died, and this was a great loss to John, for, as he was a good man, we may hope he would have restrained the temper of his son, and corrected him, as he should have done, even while he was an infant.

His mother was of a yielding disposition, and her health being very feeble, she did not feel at any time as if she could punish her son for his outbreaks of temper. Oh, what a dreadful mistake it was in her to fail to correct him "while there was hope," for he soon passed beyond all restraint; and if his mother attempted it, such a scream followed, that with her feeble state of health, she was

obliged to give up the effort to subdue him.

By the time John was eight years of age, no one in the family dared to contradict him; and this state of things continued till he was fourteen, when it was considered no longer safe to keep him at home. His mother, having consulted with some friends, determined to send him to sea.

John was very much pleased with this plan, so that no persuasion was necessary to induce him to consent to the proposal. He thought he should be free from all restraint, and at liberty to do just as he pleased. It was thought best to engage a place for him in a ship

that was about to sail on a whaling voyage, as he would then be absent three years or more.

Though John had caused his mother so much grief and anxiety, she still loved him tenderly. She busied herself in providing many little comforts for him, and in preparing suitable clothes both for warm and cold weather. He was much pleased with his sailor's suit, and had he only behaved as well as he looked, he would have been a very good boy, for he was a fine looking lad. His mother entreated him, with tears, to govern his temper, and to try to win the favour of the captain and crew, by his

good behaviour; to which he replied with much self-confidence,

“Oh, mother, never fear! No danger but that I shall do well enough. When I am among men I shall not be so tormented and worried as I am when I am at home. I am sure I am not to blame, if I do get a little angry sometimes; I like to have my own way, you know, and not to be teased.”

His mother parted from him with a heavy heart, but it was not till after he was gone that she felt what a constant source of anxiety he had been to her. She felt now as if he would be under restraint,

and in much less danger of committing some dreadful outrage.

The vessel sailed, and John was now on the broad ocean. He soon perceived that he was not as free from restraint as he had hoped to be. For the first time in his life he had to obey orders when he had rather not; and if he was sulky, or if he muttered a word of complaint, the mate would speak sternly to him, and several times he was struck with a rope's end. On one occasion he showed so much obstinacy and ill temper that the captain ordered him to be put in irons; that is, his hands were chained together, and his feet also. The captain told him, if he

saw any thing of the kind again, he would have him most severely punished. These were new times for John.

In this way his temper was kept somewhat in check during the time the ship was absent. At the end of three years he returned. He was much grown, and his fond mother hoped he was greatly improved. He was more manly, and had less frequent sallies of violent temper. Still, several times within a few months after his return, he was almost furious with passion.

He had bought a dog soon after his return, and was quite anxious that he should learn a variety of tricks. He wished him to carry

baskets and parcels, but the animal was too playful to obey his master. When John threw a stick the dog would go after it, but would not bring it again to him, and when he went towards him, he would run away as fast as possible. When John could overtake him he would whip him in a very cruel manner. One day he was in a perfect rage, because he could not make the dog do as he desired. As usual the dog ran away, fearing a severe whipping, and seeing this, John went into the house, and seizing a gun, shot the creature dead!

Several years rolled away, and John was without any regular em-

ployment. He then entered the store of a merchant, who had been a friend of his father. His employer really hoped he should make a useful man of him. He told him plainly, that if he expected to receive good treatment, he must conduct himself so as to deserve it. "As you mingle with men," said he, "you must control your temper, or you will be shunned by all as a dangerous man."

There was another young man in the same store with John, named Sanders. He had been but a short time in the village, and had but little knowledge of his companion, till he entered into the employ-

ment of the merchant, by whom John was employed as a clerk.

One day John returned to the store, after he had been home to dinner, in very bad temper. Sanders finding him rather silent, went up to him, and, slapping him pleasantly on the shoulder, said, "You seem rather grave this afternoon. Has any thing happened to you?"

"Mind your own concerns, and do not question me, if you please, sir," replied John.

"That is rather a short answer," said Sanders, "to a civil question."

"What business have you to speak to me?" replied he roughly

“Mind your own concerns, sir, I say.”

“Why, you are not in earnest, surely,” said Sanders, with a smile.

“Well then, see if I am not,” replied John, seizing a loaded gun, which, unfortunately, was too near at hand. His face was pale with anger; and speaking through his clenched teeth, he said, “Now, sir, leave the store, or I will shoot you.”

“I am not afraid of that, my good fellow, so I believe I will stay,” replied Sanders.

“Don’t fire! don’t fire! John.” exclaimed a lad, who was the only other person in the store; but

John Maurice seemed not to hear him ; and exclaiming, "There ! take that, then !" he lodged the contents of the gun in the side of his companion. He fell with a heavy weight on the floor, and was instantly a corpse !

"You have killed him !" cried the boy who had, the moment before, warned him.

The noise of the report brought several men into the store, who had been standing on the steps ; others soon arrived, among whom was an officer, who took John into custody.

Then followed the trial—the condemnation—the sentence. Oh, how awful to enter into the pre-

sence of God with the guilt of murder on the soul! How awful to appear before our final judge when the blood of a fellow creature is crying unto him for vengeance upon us!

Dear children, govern your tempers! Sometimes you are angry with your schoolmates. You will not play with them, nor speak to them; and in your little hearts you feel hatred towards them. These are feelings which are possessed by the murderer. Remember, the Scriptures declare, *He that hateth his brother is a murderer.*

Check the beginnings of strife. The wise man has said, *The beginning of strife is as when one letteth*

out water: therefore, leave off contention before it be meddled with.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty: and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.



This BOOK may be kept out TWO WEEKS ONLY, and is subject to a fine of FIVE CENTS a day thereafter. It was taken out on the day indicated below:

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